Thantophobia

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Thantophobia

by EmbretheWorld

Summary

The fear of the idea of yourself dying or the loss of a loved one or someone close.

Notes

TW: blood

See the end of the work for more notes

It wasn't supposed to happen again. It - *it wasn't supposed to* end like this but… But it *did* …

Percy had failed the very reason she had become a cop in the first place, to protect people, to make sure *it* never happened again.

But it *did* , and she was being tortured by it.

Unable to look away, the cop found herself bearing witness to her failure repeatedly, like a broken record forced to repeat that same torturous noise repeatedly, she sat there watching it, **enduring it** endlessly. It wasn't even a noise- *sounds she could handle easily, begrudgingly, but easily* - it was memories and images she tried to stuff *deeply* into the crevices of her mind that were forced into view right in front of her.

She couldn't protest it, she couldn't fight, she couldn't even ***move*** , the only thing she could do was watch on with silent sobs as her own failures burned their way into her mind once more as she felt all her previous resolve leave her. There was no particular way to fight against this epithet except sit and wait it out, wait for it to all go away, and hope the pain from the freshly opened wound didn't fester.

And if anything she felt it unfair that Ramsey and the caster of it- Sylvester Ashling?- had to bear witness to her deepest fears, her deepest *memories* .

The memories she had of her mother and father- *Eliza and Micah* - and how they had been struck down in a few swings. They were detectives, almost a cop like her, however, they took a more twisted route, a corrupted one, one she'd never considered going down today, and for that route they took, they suffered **greatly** for it.

There had been others that died before them, that led up to the grand finale of the *'show',* friends like Howie and Meryl, people she'd lay her life on the line for. Mom and dad were simply the final act.

On that cold, humid night she walked into her parent's room to see blood everywhere as if they were trying to paint the walls with it but the painter got sloppy with their work instead. Her mom and dad had no face, it was distorted by greed, by the power of those above them who were mad that they tried to start doing good. The room was ransacked, papers, sheets, blankets furniture thrown everywhere in an attempt to find something.

Just like how she remembered.

Her knees buckled underneath herself before she could even begin to comprehend what was going on, the sudden rush of intense emotions taking her off guard that it was hard to focus on anything, really. But when she looked down, she didn't see her normal self, she saw her silhouette of when she was a child, a small, *naive* child unaware of the dangers and corruption that plagued this world. If only- *if only* she had been ***stronger*** .

Unlike her, her parents were mundies, they didn't have the same kind of power she did, yet despite that, they were always *better* than her. She never had enough stamina, never enough

strength to defend herself- *she was useless without a sword* - she never could socialize, she never could have time with ***them*** . Maybe she was still bitter that her parents never spent that much time with her. Maybe. They had always spent more time with their jobs than with her at all, yet it hurt losing someone you *could* have known than someone you did.

Percy would have loved their help when she was alive, she had no idea how to use her epithet, what they even really were, and since they were even rarer back then she barely had anyone to teach her *how* . But then again they were *mundies* , they wouldn't know how or *what* an epithet *was* or felt like, they'd never understand it as she did so she never did blame them for it, like how she never blamed them for never saying goodbye to her. It's not like she would have understood it at the time either.

She never got to say her proper goodbyes either, she remembered spending that night curled in the corner of her room hidden behind a pile of blankets and stuffed animals worrying about what would happen next. Would the people who did this come for her? It plagued her thoughts and made sleep impossible, but, they never did and they probably never would.

Like that same night, she found the only semblance of comfort being her own arms wrapped around herself, trying to reassure her panicking brain that *this wasn't* ***real*** , *it's* ***just*** *a nightmare* . That reasonable voice in her head told her that she was safe and it was just an epithet at work while the other- ***louder*** - voice screamed over her *only* voice of reason.

You have to leave, it screamed, leave. But Percy couldn't, she couldn't move, she couldn't do ***anything!*** Just like when she was a child. When she was a *small* , ***helpless*** , child.

Helpless just like a *mundie*, what was the point of having an epithet if you can't even use it for good, can't even defend people like you should be able to. You should be **better**- ***stronger*** *than this*- the deafening voice spoke, poison-laced in its voice cutting into her like a knife. You were never as strong as your parents were and you never **will** be, those you care about will die due to your failure as a cop and a friend, and you will be reminded of that for as long as you live.

Another sob escaped her lips as her frame started to shake.

Sylvie was in a bit of a *conundrum* .

Not only had he just used his epithet against a *cop- a cop with a* ***real*** *sword too!*- he was also at a stalemate here, he didn't want to lose but he didn't want to watch the scene play out before him anymore either.

This nightmare was different than most others, it was bloody, it was gory, it was downright ***frightening*** even for him, but it made sense in hindsight. Percival King was a cop, so of course, her nightmare would be like this, but something about it seemed somewhat *personal* and he personally didn't like it.

Now he was left pacing back and forth as her partner- *in **literal** crime* - watched on nervously. This was supposed to be simple training yet that simple training had gone quickly awry all because he refused to admit defeat and Percival took the brunt of it. There was really only one way to end this without *complete* and *total* disaster.

With a heavy sigh, the older man watching him carefully, he looked towards the cop, once more grimacing at the nightmare he had to behold. *Forfeit* , his mind told him, t *hat's all you have to do to win this, you can settle this another time even if it hurts to do so* . But that was a chance he never got to have.

Before he could even manage to take a *single* step forward he felt all that stamina and strength he had lost before flow through him like a breath of fresh air, it made him pause, at a loss for words. *That… Wasn't supposed to…?*

The realization suddenly slapped him in the face, he looked towards the cop with a wide-eyed look of pure *terror* .

There, ever so dainty and delicately, Percival lay on the cool floor, curled on her side ever so quietly you probably could have mistaken her for a corpse in her own nightmare she had just had. Quietly like a corpse, like a *dead **rotting*** corpse.

Sylvie could only force out a tight breath, urging himself to look away as the older man- *Ramsey?*- shouted her name and rushed towards her.

He didn't understand what the point of trying to shake her awake was.

It's not like she'd respond anyway.

End Notes

I hope you enjoy, cuz if you did yell at me in the comments about it! :DDDDD

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